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Translated for this Journal.

A Sketch of Madame Mara.

From the German of F. ROCHLITZ.

(Continued.)

Gertrude, inspired with a new sense of freedom, soon grew cheerful, hopeful and well again. She travelled with her husband through most of the larger cities of Germany. Unbounded applause and rich gains flowed in upon all sides. She took the first, but Mara looked out for the second. She had few wants and needed little for herself: so she left the whole to her husband, and was content as long as he was. But he was seldom so; the more he had, the more he spent, and there was usually nothing in the box. Then he grew morose and harsh towards his lady, to the extent finally of maltreatment; and she bore all. Plethora of money plunged him back into his old bad habits; she bore this also.

In the year 1780 they went to Vienna, where they staid some time. The emperor Joseph occupied his leisure hours at that time with his darling hobby, the theatre of the Italian Comic Opera; and this toy (with Signora Storace at its head)

was just then extremely fascinating. But Gertrude was in no way fitted for this opera; and accordingly she found small support with Joseph. But Maria Theresa, though advanced in years, and withdrawn from the world and nearly all things worldly, took a more gracious interest in her, and gave her, as she desired to visit France, a letter to her royal daughter there.

In 1782 Gertrude went to Paris. With such a letter she was at once presented to the queen; and Maria Antoinette, gracious and always attached to the German music, received her with the friendliest condescension, notwithstanding that she lacked everything, besides her art, that gave a lady currency at so highly cultivated a court. After she had sung before the queen at Versailles, and had been largely applauded and remunerated, she announced a public concert in Paris. The great fame that had flown before her, her gracious reception by the still deified queen, and the presence of TODI, put all on tip-toe with expectation. The Todi passed universally, at least in France, for the first singer of the age; and as she added to her (in certain departments really enchanting) art the charms of beauty, grace, and the finest social culture, which were all wanting in the German singer, she proved for her, especially in Paris, all the more dangerous a rival. Gertrude herself, after she had seen and heard the Todi, was, for perhaps the first time, full of apprehension. However, the day came, she collected herself, summoned up all her powers, sang, and all were in raptures. Gertrude became the topic of the town and of the journals; Paris was divided into two parties, the Todists and the Maratists. "Well," asked the queen at Versailles of two courtiers, who, as she knew, had been present at the concert; "which of the two is the greatest singer?" "Undoubtedly the Mara," answered the first. "*C'est bientôt dit (c'est bien Todi)*," said the second, wittily enough. Could parties but discriminate, they would easily have found that the two artists—like a thousand things, in the arts, as in life—were not to be placed above or below, but beside each other; and that then they would both prevail, without any mutual injury. In the sublimely simple, and in brilliant bravura, Gertrude surpassed the Todi, as greatly as she was surpassed by her in heartfelt, tender, love-inspiring songs.

Gertrude remained through this and the following year in Paris. But as the French were never great friends to concerts, and least of all to serious

songs in them—nor are they so to-day;—and as Gertrude's proper place was not, as Hiller said, upon the theatre: she resolved to travel farther, and in fact to England. Here all was different; here the grand oratorio and great concert music—partly through the decided preference of the king and royal family—had stood in the highest esteem and been most richly supported since the time of Handel. Gertrude, judging herself and her talents now more calmly, found that for just this kind of music she was suited, as no other one besides herself.

But before we accompany her to England, it may be advisable to glance once more at her domestic and affectional relations, and then close this mournful chapter as briefly as possible, once for all, although we may have to anticipate the course of her life somewhat.

Mara had brought things to so bad a pass in Paris, and again in London, with his vicious habits, and even in his own house with his wife, that her attachment to him could not but grow cold at last. She separated from him, and, as she settled a not inconsiderable support on him for life, peaceably. He started off with his violoncello, and his bad tricks, and roved about through Germany, where finally, though somewhat late, he came to a melancholy end. Thus Gertrude had come to see that this man was good for nothing and entirely unworthy of the great sacrifice which she had made to him; she had learned wisdom; but only for this special case. Even when I met her personally, in 1802, consequently in her fifty-third year, she had a good-looking friend and companion of about four and twenty with her. He was named Signor Florio, and of his merits there was absolutely nothing visible to others, except that he played the flute indifferently well. We leave this connection, with all the curious stories, which the Berliners knew how to tell at that time; we leave earlier matters connected with it, letting them all rest, and merely single out two brief remarks, which appear necessary to complete the picture of this remarkable woman.

Gertrude, when she was once won by a man, gave him unconditionally and unreservedly her all,—her money-chest included. The consequence was, that when she came to look into it, in spite of the sums upon sums that had kept flowing in, she found it empty; that of the hundreds of thousands, which she had cleared in England alone, there was absolutely nothing left, when she again stepped upon the German soil; that even in places

like Berlin, where her two concerts yielded her a clear gain of between three and four thousand thalers, at her departure she possessed less than nothing; and that now, in her old age, especially since an accident has befallen her, which we shall mention in due time, she possesses scarcely any thing. Intimacy with a certain class of men, with all that it involved; as well as the withdrawal of better persons of both sexes, who could not and might not sustain any relation with such men: to these two causes it was owing that Gertrude, in all that good society teaches or compels, in all that one unconsciously derives from it, was so utterly deficient, that those who had not been informed of it beforehand, must have found it altogether strange. Besides her art, there was nothing in her to interest, but a certain true-heartedness and good nature; unless indeed one should be interested in the very union in one and the same person of such extremely narrow culture with such deep sense and high conception of her art.

Let this close this whole chapter of her life; and we will now resume the thread of her history where we let it drop.

In 1784 she went to London. Her fame had long preceded her: she was received with the greatest honor. She possessed the advantage, nowhere more necessary than in England, of speaking the language of the country with considerable fluency; she had learned it while a child and still practised it industriously. The Prince of Wales, afterwards king, became her protector; and every one knows what such protection can do even in England. Since the king kept no private music of any consequence, but only supported the public oratorios, especially those which had been so dear to him through his whole life, Gertrude made her first appearance in the Pantheon, and gained, besides the most brilliant reception, in two weeks 15,000 thalers. There was now no success for any concert in which Gertrude did not sing; so too her singing had to lend lustre to the great social parties of the nobility; and as the Englishman generally covets nothing, as he does nothing, in vain, she had followed the counsel of her friends and fixed the price for every piece she sang, at three hundred thalers; this was paid, and often more than this. Far greater was the fame and popular sympathy which she acquired, however, by assisting in the colossal concerts, founded and for some time kept up annually by Salomon and Cramer (both Germans), in celebration of the memory of Handel, in the immense interior of Westminster Abbey. Here the religious oratorios exclusively of that great master, never and nowhere surpassed in that form of composition, were produced, under the patronage of the monarch and the entire royal family, by an assemblage of at first more than two hundred singers and three hundred and fifty instrumentalists[?]; afterwards increased to a thousand—with an effect of which no one can have an adequate conception if he was not there to feel it. Handel, though a German, was regarded as the national composer; and accordingly this whole enterprise was considered a national one; and, since the entire proceeds were destined for the widows and orphans of deceased musicians, it became an obligatory act of benevolence. Certainly most worthy, as well as genuine old English views! and they inspired a brilliant welcome and a universal esteem towards the members who bore prominent parts in the performance. Among these participants was

by all means Gertrude—nay, at the head of the singers, and delivering the principal parts, which Handel usually gave to the first soprano, she was, next to the projectors, the most shining member of them all. For here first, here, as nowhere before or since, she found the place where she could exhibit her most peculiar excellence in all its power and fullness and effectiveness. In that vast space she could display her extraordinary organ; in the simplicity and grandeur of the composition, her simple and grandiose style of singing; in the expressive the supremely true inventions of the master, how thoroughly she comprehended him, and had become imbued with his spirit, his intentions and his style. Here too she could try her capacity upon thousands of hearers; she could not only render the ever significant words intelligible to every mind, but she could convey each syllable, each accent with the most vital, penetrating power to every heart. Even to this day men, whose opinion is the best authority, remember with astonishment and joyful enthusiasm,—with what power, what grand expression of the firmest and most unqualified confidence she sang the oft-returning “*I know that my Redeemer liveth*,” in that celebrated air of Handel’s “*Messiah*,” and singing spake, and speaking emphasized, attuning every hearer to the same feeling, and wafting all their souls aloft with her’s. This, just this, was what no other singer but the Mara ever did or could do: and here was the culminating point of her art, as here too was its most brilliant triumph.

By these productions, as we have said, she kindled the enthusiasm even of the multitude toward her; and as this festival was annually repeated, and she stood at the head of the singers with the same ascendancy each time, she could rekindle the enthusiasm and keep it fresh. Hence it came, that scarcely any public concert met with favor, in which Gertrude did not appear; accordingly the managers had to solicit her assistance; and she, or rather her purse-bearer, used to grant it at the highest prices. Even the Italian theatre had to conform to the one wish of the public and the other of the singer.

Meanwhile she soon had occasion to taste, together with the richest rewards and greatest distinctions, certain old, well-known Anglicisms of a wholly different sort, and she had to put up with them for better or for worse. Every body knows the marvellously strict distinction made in England in the general opinion and treatment of things in the abstract and things in the concrete. The Court, or the persons who compose it, even the highest—what a difference it makes! The government, the administration, or the persons of whom it consists,—what a difference! So too, and far more so, in the case of less exalted objects; here, briefly speaking, in the opinion of the multitude everything is—merchandise; for all merchandise, money; for good merchandise, much money: the receiver, and the giver—they are nothing. Accordingly the singer, as a personified singing voice, deserves to be highly prized and richly paid: further than that, considered as a person, she is nought. We will cite a single example.

Gertrude’s fame had spread from the metropolis into the other great cities of England; these also wished to hear her for a rich remuneration. This was the case with Oxford. She arrived there. In the concert, that had been prepared

for her with all possible splendor, she appeared in one of her greatest, but at the same time most exhausting pieces: a long recitative; the aria, first Adagio, in long sustained notes, and then the grand Allegro, in the most difficult bravura style. The audience were enraptured, Gertrude had finished, and *Da Capo!* was the cry. That is too much for human strength: do no such thing! Gertrude comes forward to excuse herself: she is not heard! She bows, expresses by gestures a request that she may say a word: it is not suffered! You get money—a great deal of money: now you must do our pleasure. She does not do it: they hiss, they thump, they scream: then she turns round and goes. How? Does she show her back to the audience, a thing which the actor on the stage may never do, but make his exit backwards, in the best way he can? The tumult grows more fearful: she waits it through, the while an instrumental piece is played, which they let pass in quiet. But now she must come on with her second aria. The instant she appears the tumult breaks out anew and will not end. This time its costs her more exertion to control her sensibility: meanwhile she lets the orchestra play the *ritornel* to the aria. As soon as she commences, all is still: when she has ended, the storm breaks out anew. Now, from suppressed excitement and from exhaustion, she can no longer sustain herself upon her feet; to turn round and go off she dares not venture: a stool stands near; she seats herself. But that was a new offence: what serves must stand. So now she is solemnly hissed off. Nor was that enough; but the next day she gets from the Chancellor of the University, Dr. Chapman, a formal warning never again to brighten the University of Oxford with her singing; and the newspaper contains the following article: “There have already been repeated complaints of the unmannerliness of Madame Mara; but since the Oxford men have become her teachers, she is on the point of putting the finishing touch to her education.” Gertrude had inserted by way of answer: (for the newspapers of course are *free*!) “An attack of pleurisy, under which I was already suffering in Berlin, forbids my singing or standing too long at a time. And as no positive order with regard to standing or sitting has ever fallen under my observation, I am sure that I have not deserved such unfeeling and unjust treatment as I have experienced here. The Herr Doctor Chapman has my sympathy.”*

* Even JOSEPH HAYDN, although world-renowned and honored, and especially in England, had there to taste the same experience. It is well known that Salomon had invited him to London to his grand concerts, under the condition that he would write something new for every concert, and conduct the work himself. To this we owe twelve of his finest symphonies. When the great master made his first appearance in the orchestra, to commence his direction, all the members, without previous concert, rose from an instinctive feeling of respect and love. This was a thing that had been only wont to occur, when the king or some one of the royal family entered the boxes; how was it to be suffered here? The public hissed and thumped, and screamed out, “Fiddlers! Fiddlers!” till the men, terrified, had resumed their seats and Haydn had caused the first chord to be sounded.

One of the most exalted personages sent Salomon to Haydn with the request that he would give him lessons on the piano. Haydn stared at his friend: “I? I am no piano player. Give lessons!” “I entreat you,” replied Salomon, who was perfectly familiar with the ways there, “do not refuse; else it will get out, and then it is all over with our whole enterprise, in fact with your entire existence here. Ask what compensation you

please: put money in your pocket; go at the stated hours, and be quite sure there'll be nothing in it but the name of the thing." Haydn complied. The first time, he was introduced into the presence, graciously conversed with for a quarter of an hour and then dismissed. As for the other hours, he was allowed to pass them in the antechamber, where he found himself not ill at ease, since nearly every person present was emulous to entertain him. On his departure he received, besides the stipulated rich remuneration, a fine present for his faithful services as piano-forte master.

[Conclusion next time.]

Queen Elizabeth's Musical Skill.

Queen Elizabeth was, as well as the rest of Henry VIII.'s children, and, indeed, all the princes of Europe at that time, instructed in music early in life. Camden, in enumerating the studies of his royal mistress, says, "She understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and was indifferently well seen in the Greek. Neither did she neglect musicke, so far forth as might become a princess, being able to sing, and play on the lute prettily and sweetly." There is reason to conclude that she continued to divert herself with music many years after she came to the throne. Sir James Melvil gives an account of a curious conversation which he had with this princess, to whom he was sent on an embassy by Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1564: "After her majesty had asked him how his queen dressed; what was the color of her hair; whether that, or hers, was best; which of the two was fairest; and which of them was highest in stature; then she asked, what kind of exercises she used. 'I answered,' says Melvil, 'that when I received my despatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with playing on the lute and virginals.' She asked, if she played well. I said, reasonably well for a queen. The same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music, and (but he said that he durst not avow it) where I might hear the queen play on the virginals. After I had hearkened a while, I took up the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing the queen's back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my Lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my queen or she played the best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise."

If her majesty was ever able to execute any of the lessons that are preserved in a manuscript known by the name of "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," she must have been a very great player; as some of those pieces, which were composed by Tallis, Bird, Giles, Farnaby, Dr. Bull, and others, are so difficult that it would hardly be possible to find a master in Europe who would undertake to play one of them at the end of a month's practice. Besides the lute and virginals, it has been imagined that Elizabeth was a performer on the violin, and on an instrument something like a lute, but strung with wire, and called the poliphant. A violin of singular construction, with the arms of England, and the crest of Dud-

ley, Earl of Leicester, this queen's favorite, engraved upon it, was purchased at the sale of the Duke of Dorset's effects many years since. From the date of its make, 1578, and from the arms and crest engraved upon it, it has been conjectured that Queen Elizabeth was its original possessor. It is very curiously carved; but the several parts are so thick, and loaded with ornaments, that it has no more tone than a mute, or violin with a sordine; and the neck which is too thick for the grasp of the hand, has a hole cut in it for the thumb of the player, by which the hand is so confined as to be rendered incapable of shifting, so that nothing can be performed on this instrument but what lies within the reach of the hand in its first position. The music of the queen's establishment differed but little from those of Mary and Edward. Burney says that the musicians, through all the changes of religion, tuned their consciences to the court pitch, that is, in unison with the orders of their sovereign, the supreme head of the church. But let us see if they had not reason on their side. In the reign of Henry VIII., Testwood, one of the choir at Windsor, was burned for being a Protestant, and another musician only escaped the same fate through the interference of a friend, who obtained his pardon on the ground that it was not worth while to burn him, "as he was *only* a musician;" and Marbeck was condemned, and saved "*because* he was a musician."

LISETTE.

My light Lisette
Is grave and shrewd,
And half a prude,
And half coquette;
So staid and set,
So terse and trim,
So arch and prim,
Is my Lisette.

A something settled and precise
Has made a home in both the eyes
Of my Lisette.

The measured motion of the blood,
The words where each one tells,
Too logical for womanhood,
Brief changes rung on silver bells;—
The cheek with health's close kisses warm,
The finished frame so light,
Such fullness in the little form,
As satisfies the sight;—
The bodice fitted and exact,
The nut-brown tress so lightly curl'd,
And the whole woman so compact,
Her like is nowhere in the world.
Such knowledge in the ways of life
And household order, such
As might create a perfect wife,
Not careful, over much,
All these so moved me,
When we met—
I would she loved me,
Trim Lisette.

What if to-morrow morn I go,
And, in an accent soft and clear,
Lay some three words within her ear?
I think she would not answer no.
And by the ribbon in her hair,
And those untasted lips, I swear
I keep some little doubt as yet,
With such an eye,
So grave and sly
Looks my Lisette,
What words may show
Me yes or no
Of my Lisette.
The doubt is less,
Since we last met;
Let it be "yes,"
My dear Lisette.

The Magic of Music.

The sprightly correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, who is travelling through Syria, and at last accounts had reached the ancient city of

Baalbeck or Heliopolis, gives the following description of the effect which his flute and the negro melody have upon the descendants of Ishmael:

"In travelling through Syria, as in other parts of the world, I always carry my flute with me, to relieve the lonely hours at night, and excite a social feeling among the natives. I had fluted my way after the fashion of Goldsmith, through many a difficulty; and now I was resolved to see what the magic of music would do in removing the prejudices of the Arabs. As soon as it was dark, we had a good fire lit in the corner, and pulling off our shoes, as custom required, we spread our mats close by, and sat down cosily to enjoy the cheerful fire, my friends (the Southerner and the English captain) smoking their chibouks, while I brought forward my knapsack, and commenced putting the pieces of my flute together. The Arabs, who had begun to crowd in, were greatly interested in the strange instrument that I was getting under way, and Yusef, who was rather proud of his civilization, sat by enjoying their remarks, and giving us a running interpretation. Some thought it was a sort of pistol, with a large touch hole; but the notion was ridiculed by the more knowing ones, who said it was plain to see that it was a new fashioned pipe, and that they would soon see me put the bowl to it, and begin to smoke.

"At last I got the pieces adjusted, and commanding silence by a mysterious motion of the hand, commenced playing that classical air of 'Old Zip Coon,' which I dare say was never heard before among the ruins of Baalbeck. There was the most breathless attention on all sides, interrupted only by the suppressed exclamation of Tahib! Tahib! (Good, good!) when I blew a very shrill or false note, and soon the women and children from the neighboring houses began to crowd in, and there was gradually a large circle formed around the room, and the audience squatting down in rows, till there was scarcely space enough to breathe. I blew away with all my might, for not only was I excited with the success of my experiment, but rather inspired with the music I was making, which I assure you was not bad. The familiar airs of home made me sentimental, and I merged into the doleful air, 'Give me back my heart again,' which was a miserable failure; not a damsel seemed disposed to listen to it. They commenced in the very middle of the most pathetic strain to call for 'Old Zip Coon.' When I had ended, there was no end of the tahibs. Mr. Coon was a decided hit.

"In order to vary the entertainment, silence was commanded again, and Yusef was desired to explain that there would be a song; that it was a song of an old black gentleman who lived in America, who was a pacha among the blacks; that he was called Uncle Ned, because he was so venerable, and being very old, the hair all fell off his head, and there was no hair at all in the place where the hair ought to grow; that he hadn't any eyes to see with, and consequently was as blind as a post or stone wall, or anything else that is supposed to be deficient in eyes; that he neither had teeth to eat bread with, and he had to let the bread alone and eat something else; that his fingers were as long as canes in the brake, which was about an average of sixteen feet; and eventually, that one day when he was out in the field, a horrible monster, called Grim Death, came along and caught him by the heel and carried him away, and he was never heard of any more except in this song, which was written in commemoration of these facts.

"Thereupon, having excited the most profound interest in the history of Uncle Ned, I launched forth into the song, keeping as near the tune as possible, and going through all the motions descriptive of the baldness of his head, the absence of his teeth, and the length of his fingers. When I arrived at the final catastrophe, where grim death seizes the old gentleman by the heel, I made a sudden motion at the heel of one worthy who was sitting near by, completely upsetting him with fright, and causing a laugh from the audience that seemed as if it would never come to an end! It was the best hit of the evening, and completely removed all constraint. The women had gradu-

ally uncovered their faces, and the men were in such good humor that they paid no attention to it; and we were all as jovial as possible—showing that people all over the world are pretty much the same by nature; and that there are few races so barbarous as not to be moved by music and a spirit of sociability."

Fortunata Tedesco.

[The critic of one of the leading London papers thus describes the debut of a singer well known to the Opera lovers in this country. Tedesco established a high position for herself in Paris during the past year, and appeared for the first time in London, as Fides in the *Prophète*, on the first of this month.]

The new Fides was warmly, but not enthusiastically, greeted. She had a severe ordeal to undergo, in supplying the place of Grisi and Viardot, and Madame Tedesco evidently felt it, being nervous in the extreme in her opening recitative, and in the duet with Bertha. In the grand aria, "Ah! mon fils," however, in the second part, her timidity was overcome, and the fair debutante sang with all her power, and produced an immense effect, and from that moment her success was assured. In the coronation scene, and in the prison, her vocal and histrionic powers were still further tested, and, at the conclusion, Madame Tedesco was unanimously declared a singer of the highest pretensions.

The chief qualities of Madame Tedesco's voice are power, grandeur, and largeness. In volume and sonority of tone, it more resembles Malibran's voice than any voice we have heard, and, in extent, it almost equals Alboni's. It is, in short, a grand dramatic voice, and wonderfully fitted to the music of Fides. Madame Tedesco is an Italian, but does not betray any tendency to the modern Italian school in singing Meyerbeer's music. In this respect, she exhibits as much art as Viardot, and more—we write it deferentially—than Grisi. Madame Tedesco is, moreover, a highly accomplished vocalist—a true artist, in the best sense of the word. She sings with great ease, and manages her voice with admirable skill. A slight inclination to exaggerate, as exemplified in the production of the lower notes, is the principal defect of her singing; but who that has sung at the Grand Opera of Paris ever escaped from the besetting sin of French singers—exaggeration? Not one whom we have ever heard. The wonder is, that Madame Tedesco displays so little exaggeration. One of the greatest charms of Madame Tedesco's singing is, her perfect intonation. Her voice is always in tune, whether she sings high or low, forte or piano. In that awfully difficult aria, "*O, veridica! figlia del ciel*," in the prison, act 3, which taxes the vocal powers to the very utmost, Madame Tedesco was eminently successful, and created a *furor*. In rapidity and clearness of articulation, she was perhaps surpassed by Madame Viardot; but, in power of tone, quality of voice, purity, intonation, and every vocal charm, she was far superior. When it is remembered that this scena was written expressly for Madame Viardot, the triumph of Madame Tedesco must be considered the greater.

As an actress, we can hardly speak so unreservedly for Madame Tedesco. She is intelligent, easy, graceful, and exceedingly natural—accomplishments which go no small way to make up the sum total of the great artist—and, moreover, she is full of feeling, and passionate, and is not devoid of energy and abandonment; but, the tongue of flame has not descended upon her, and she is deficient only in genius. This is rather felt than rendered explainable in Madame Tedesco's acting. There is always meaning and the best endeavor in what she does; but she fails to establish that intercommunion of sympathy between herself and the audience which only the highest genius can effect, and which is independent of all art, and all power. In fine, she has not laid down the electric-wires between herself and her hearers, and spectators, and cannot strike a thrill home to the heart. But Madame Tedesco's achievement in Fides has been that which, perhaps, no other living artist (Alboni excepted)

could accomplish. To achieve what she has achieved, after the triumphs of Grisi and Viardot, is a feat, all but unparalleled, and must be chronicled as such.

Hector Berlioz.

[From the London Musical World, July 9.]

The departure of this eminent musician and critic is fixed for to-day, his duties in Paris not permitting him a longer absence. The grand concert, which was to have been given under his name, and for his benefit, at Exeter Hall, has, therefore, been abandoned.

As whatever relates to Hector Berlioz must be a matter of interest to those who admire and respect the highest and sincerest qualities of an artist, we shall not hesitate to make public a fact connected with the concert that should have taken place, but is now given up—a fact which confers credit on the committee who combined for the purpose of organizing it, and upon those who came forward spontaneously, as patrons and supporters. We cannot do this better than by publishing a translated extract from a letter which we have received from Hector Berlioz himself.

"My dear —: The concert cannot take place. The gentlemen of the committee, organized to get it up, have conceived the delicate, charming, and generous idea of devoting the sum realized by the subscription opened for the concert to the acquisition of the score of my *Faust*, which will be published, with English text, under the superintendence of Beale, and other members of the committee. It would be impossible to be more cordial and artist-like at the same time; and I rejoice at the result of the performance at Covent Garden, since it has been the cause of a demonstration so sympathetic, intelligent, and worthily expressed. Give all the publicity in your power to this manifestation; you will render justice to your compatriots, and, at the same time, confer a very great pleasure on

"Yours, &c., HECTOR BERLIOZ."

After a short stay at Paris, Berlioz will leave for Baden-Baden, where he is engaged to direct a musical performance on a grand scale, which will take place in the middle of August. The whole of *Romeo and Juliet* will be executed. Sophie Cruvelli, and her sister Marie, are also engaged; so that the "solemnity" will be one of irresistible attraction. Vivier, and his enchanted horn, alone are wanted to render it complete. Vivier, however—who has, for some months past, withdrawn himself from society, for the purpose of serious and uninterrupted study—has resolved to try his fortune in America. *Il a raison*. Vivier a *tous-jours raison*. His success in the United States is certain.

Correspondence.

LOUISVILLE, July 19th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:—What does that "Germanian" mean, who, writing to your journal from St. Louis, denounces Louisville as devoid of good musical taste? The Germanians gave five concerts here,—the average attendance was eight hundred persons. At one or two of the concerts, Mozart Hall, which holds from twelve to thirteen hundred, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The best music, such as the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," a movement from the eighth symphony of Beethoven, were encoored, not noisily, but with the earnestness of "the hart, panting after the water-brooks." Beethoven's C minor symphony was listened to with breathless attention, and was received and spoken of in a manner which plainly showed that the great Prophet "knocked at the door" of every heart present.

The Germanian letter-writer complains of the loud talking among the audience. This was true at the first concert, but it was so sharply rebuked in all the daily papers, that, at all the succeeding concerts, and particularly during the performance of the fifth symphony, the music-lovers, who formed the majority of the audience, were allowed quietly to partake of the rich feast before them. Is it fair to believe what he would imply, that Louisville is the only city, where the vulgar practice of talking in the concert-room

still obtains? It is a great pity that the aforesaid letter-writer could not have been more discreet, if not more just—for should he and his brethren again visit Louisville, their good music might not save them from the necessity of playing to four very cold listeners, viz: the walls of the concert-room. [Stay, not so fast! You know your icy indignation would melt at the first hope or anticipation of any more such music!—Ed.]

We of Louisville are not fond of boasting, neither are we fond of having our reputation for musical taste so rudely assailed. Among us may be found many ladies as well as gentlemen, who ardently love and creditably perform the piano-forte works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, as well as those of Thalberg, and the authors of the New School generally.

I had designed giving you at length my impressions of the concerts of the Germania Society, but what could I say that has not been already said? All praise becomes stale, when applied to such performances. I am only sorry that Germanian pen-holders cannot be as just to the tastes of their patrons as Germanian bow-holders are faithful to the composers whose music they interpret.

Yours respectfully,

S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 30, 1853.

A Greeting from Germany.

For the sake of Boston,—if not for the natural pride of showing our friends what welcome this our journalizing enterprise has met with in the most musical country of the Old World,—we can do no less than print the following document.

We were not, we confess, at all prepared for such a recognition from head-quarters, for such a strong and hearty *Hand-druck* from such high authority as the first musical journal in all Europe, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, published at Leipzig. This "New Journal for Music" is the paper founded several years ago by Robert Schumann; and, although it is strongly identified with the new movements in the musical world of to-day,—with what certain English critics sneeringly call "Young Germany," being a zealous exponent and defender of the artistic principles and efforts of Schumann, Wagner, Liszt at Weimar, Berlioz, &c., dating a new era of creative musical life from the ninth symphony of Beethoven;—yet its high and earnest and at the same time genial tone of criticism, and the rare talent and even genius employed in its columns, have made it eminently respected in the musical journalism of Europe. A passing notice for our humble sheet was the most we could have dared expect from it; judge then of our surprise at such a formal public greeting, such an "offenes Sendschreiben," to ourselves, and, what is more important and of far more interest,—to this little corner of the musical world, whose musical activity we have tried from week to week to mirror unto itself and unto the world at large, and also, so far as in us lay, to point to some good end.

For the sake of Boston, we have said, we print our "open letter" here. Because this is really the first appreciative, distinct recognition from the Old World, of what is and has been going on in our good city in the way of musical culture. It is the first admission from head-quarters of our musically artistic character. We at length have

credit, where credit is never carelessly or insincerely given, for some genuine love and true pursuit of Art, instead of for our ready welcome to all sorts of humbug. The catalogue we published last spring of the compositions of great masters heard here during the last winter, has operated like a charm to open the eyes of musical authorities abroad. Heretofore the European press has looked exclusively to New York for all indications of a musical movement in this country; its quotations on this subject from the American press, have been and are made almost uniformly from the New York Herald!—and one may judge what notions they must have in Europe both of music and musical criticism upon this side of the ocean. We are truly happy that our small sheet has been the means of carrying abroad some juster and distincter notions. Only let us, in thanking our German friends for their kind welcome, warn them against the impression that the sound, artistic musical efforts in this country centre too exclusively in Boston; for there are genuine artists and art-lovers also in New York, and a Philharmonic Society (not to name other excellent associations) which has educated a public to a permanent demand for music of the highest standard.

We thank the writer of this letter also for his high opinion of our musical catholicity and appreciation of what is genuine in new as well as older Art,—of our preparation for the advent of the Wagner music, whenever its fullness of time shall come for crossing the Atlantic. But we fear our generous welcomer sees and anticipates too much in us. As to the "New School," so called, we cannot stand committed to that of which we personally know so little; but we trust we shall be, (as it is only every honest editor's duty to be), always ready to receive without prejudice what is newest, as well as what is oldest and most long approved, provided it possesses, and we have wit or soul enough to see or feel that it possesses, any of the true vitality of Art. We have continually and glowingly upheld classic models; we have been invidiously called a "classicist" and partial friend of musical *old fogeyism*; but our very love of the classics of musical art is with us the ground of the most unflinching faith in Progress. What is genuine is always new, and is an earnest of newer and greater yet to come. O for long life on this earth, or in conscious communication with it, that we may hear and hail the MUSIC OF THE FUTURE!

The letter suggests several topics, the discussion of which might well occupy our editorial columns for some weeks to come. There is one especially, of which this letter presents the great and generous side,—while the small and narrow side was represented in the little squib from a "Native Musician," published in our last,—which must and shall engage our attention at some length when we shall have more room than now: and that is the relation of Germany to America in the matter of musical culture. We wish, if possible, to suggest some thoughts, some facts, which may tend to relieve and cure this miserable and suicidal jealousy about "native" and "foreign," that torments so many who would fain carve a business out of music.

But we will not detain our readers longer: from the letter, which is translated as literally and faithfully as we could do it, with the critical revision of one of our best German teachers.

[From the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, Leipzig, June 17.]

A Glantz at the "far West."

OPEN LETTER TO MR. J. S. DWIGHT,
Editor and Proprietor of the "Journal of Music,"
&c. &c., Boston.

The editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*,—a journal with which you, dear sir, are well acquainted,—sent to the undersigned, a short time since, the first numbers (for April and May, 1853) of Vol. III. of your "Journal of Music," with the request that he would speak of them at some length in the *Zeitschrift*, and especially that he would continue to devote particular attention to your "Journal," which has excited universal interest among us.

This commission I have hailed with lively joy, and shall devote myself with zeal to this work. As I had found no opportunity until now of becoming acquainted with the "Journal," established by you last year, I was most agreeably surprised to find in you, dear sir, the founder of this enterprise, a man, who has not only earnestly comprehended his general task, and carried it through with circumspection and with knowledge, but who has also fully recognized and consistently maintained the decided position which a "Journal of Art" must take in the present day—in order to be able to meet with acuteness and convincing power the reactionary efforts of the stand-still party.

The United States, and above all Boston, have already received and distinguished many of our musical friends in a manner, not less honorable to this land, than to the artists who have been thus honored. Though we had been before informed of the brilliant success of individuals (we may allude here for examples to Otto Goldschmidt, A. Jaell, and O. Dresel), yet we were not always clear about the reasons of this success. We confess to you frankly, that here in Germany we had no very high idea of the musical culture of the North Americans in general, and that very unsettled opinions still prevail about the motives, which secure an artistic success in the United States. This may be partly owing to the doubtful attitude which New York especially has maintained towards modest German artists without great celebrity; furthermore to the conduct of Barnum and similar speculators; and finally to the extent to which "Humbug" has undeniably been pushed in North America, with extremely questionable talents, as by Lola Montez, &c.

We are therefore very much indebted to you, dear sir, that you have through your "Journal" convinced us of something better, in that you have thereby given us a more correct insight into the state of music in North America, and have essentially enlightened us about the heart and centre (*Kern*) of the artistic efforts there. We see with joy the development of a stirring musical life upon the best foundation, and the following up of an earnest artistic direction, the focus and starting-point of which we find in Boston, to which belongs decidedly the precedence herein before the cosmopolitan city [*Allerweltsstadt*; literally, *all-the-world's city*] of New York. We do not conceal from you that in this feeling of general recognition there is mingled a certain feeling of fatherland's pride, at having found in the "far West" an important centre for our native and to us sacred tones, for German ways of feeling and for German Art.

I will, so far as I am able, set down my thoughts about this more extendedly in an article, which shall have especial reference to your esteemed paper, and, starting from that text, shall enlarge upon the position which the United States now occupy and will hereafter occupy towards Germany in regard to music.

But first of all I feel impelled,—after finishing the reading of the numbers sent me of your "Jour-

nal"—to emphasize the fact, that the vital energy, which announces itself on all hands in the "New World," is already animating and beginning to lift up the musical efforts of that land; so that in matters of Art, as in so many other things, the so often with us underrated America not only disputes the priority with the always overrated Old England with her stiff forms, but has even in some part surpassed the mother country. This, to be sure, holds true hitherto more in regard to artistic intentions and the critical judgments of such independent and free-thinking sheets as yours,—than in regard to the practical execution of these higher intentions.

But, when we have once firmly fixed our eyes on an exalted goal and have consistently pursued it, we finally compel even opposing circumstances to serve us. The means for the attainment of a good end offer themselves at last of their own accord, since preconceived opinions and existing circumstances cannot give law in the long run; but on the contrary, one-sided ends must bend and accommodate themselves to higher ends, to escape annihilation through the controlling might of the Idea.

The surprising development of musical life in Boston offers the best proof of this. Your retrospect (of the 30th of April) upon the "Works of great composers performed in Boston during the past winter," gives truly astonishing results. At the top of that list shine the collective symphonies of Beethoven, every one of which, with the exception of the first (and weakest) was performed two or three times. Boston can boast of having brought out Beethoven's ninth symphony twice in one winter! By this one fact Boston raises herself to a musical rank, which neither Old England, nor many highly celebrated German chapels will dispute with her.

If we add to this, that in one season were represented: Mendelssohn, through all four of his symphonies and six overtures; Franz Schubert, through his C major symphony; Gade, through the C minor symphony; Schumann, through the B flat major symphony, &c., &c.;—that in the way of chamber music there were heard fifteen compositions of Beethoven, ten compositions of Mendelssohn, the clarinet quintet of C. M. von Weber, the E flat major trio of Franz Schubert, Schumann's quintet and variations for two pianos, &c., &c.;—finally that in Boston even songs of Schumann and of Robert Franz were resounding repeatedly,—not to speak at all of the oratorios, symphonies, overtures, &c., of a Bach, a Gluck, a Cherubini, a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, a Spohr, and so on,—our high esteem for such a city and our joy and sympathy in such sound artistic efforts will be found fully justified.

It would be impossible to bring the above-named works, as well as Bach's triple concerto and fugues, Chopin's E minor concerto, and the like, into repeated performance,—that is to say, into vogue, unless an equally lively sense for the earnestness of the old classic music, as for the wealth of fancy of the new romantic school and its sequels (which point to a significant future, while they prepare the way to it), had already existed in Boston, so that the forces had only to be awakened, which hitherto had only wanted room for their unfolding. So only is it explainable, how in Boston in a short time such significant musical unions and societies could spring up, as the "Mendelssohn Club" (for chamber music), the "Musical Fund Society" and the "Serenade Band" (for orchestral works), the "Handel and Haydn Society" and the "Musical Education Society" (for oratorios of the older and the more modern schools), and the "Germanians" (who, among other things, first transplanted the ninth Beethoven symphony to America); societies, of which one must maintain that their origin, but

still more their continuance, could be nothing accidental or called out by speculation, but that an actual want created them.

The test for all such societies is a threefold one: their *quantitative* and their *qualitative* activity, and their *success*, which is founded in the sympathy of the public and which commonly determines the duration of such undertakings in the last instance. On all these sides the musical activity of Boston has already been so fully tested, that we may without hesitation declare, that many a German capital, (*exempla sunt odiosa*), which is very proud of its music, ought to take pattern from the systematic art-endeavors of the Bostonians, instead of remaining always imprisoned in the one-sided prejudice: "that America in regard to Art shows neither earnestness nor effort, but is and remains the land of musical charlatanry and humbug!"

In our fragmentary review of the Boston concert programmes we have purposely laid the emphasis upon the modern Art, from Beethoven to Schumann; although the old artistic tendencies, from Bach and Handel to Spohr and Weber, have been no less richly represented. We have done this on the one hand to show, that Boston has progressed farther with the times, than even German symphony soirées of the latest date! We have done it on the other hand, to point out the distinction herein strikingly exhibited between Old England and the New World.

England, with the single exception of the "New Philharmonic Society," in London, seeks an honor in not going forward. It looks with indignation upon all that has appeared since Beethoven and that is not named Mendelssohn; especially does it persecute Schumann and Wagner with mockery, whenever it finds a chance. On the other hand, it is a matter of fashion there, annually to sing through all of Handel's oratorios, to get enthusiastic about Bach's fugues, to regard Haydn and Mozart as the pinnacle of orchestra music, to accept Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr only because one *cannot* ignore them, and one must force his nature to pronounce such compositions "very fine pieces." To cultivate old classic works is quite commendable, if that were not with the English on the one hand more a fashion than a conviction; if on the other hand it did not require extremely little understanding to find that "beautiful," which all the world has long ago pronounced so; and if it did not quite too often happen to the very honorable "gentlemen," to make colossal blunders in their judgments and to put, for instance, Czerny, Auber and Halévy into the same category with Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr, and so on.

The more eminent the talents, which annually flow together from the whole civilized world into London, at "the Season," for the sake of—making money; the more imposing all this concentration of musical masses in London; so much the more inexcusable is the stability (not to say the stupidity), which England so stiff-neck-edly maintains against the modern advances of Germany,—i. e., of the land to which England is almost exclusively indebted for her whole musical culture and activity, for her best talents, her finest artistic gratifications and her best concert programmes.

The English criticism, especially, demeans itself toward the Art movements of Germany in such a manner (which you, sir, in a sharp reply to the London *Musical World's* absurd judgment upon "Young Germany," most indulgently call merely a "demolishing criticism"), that we can at once perceive of what a lamentable, one-sided and, in a word, taste-destroying character the future of the English music will be, when it prides itself on being based on retrogression.

But if it has already got so far, that your Boston

"Journal" enters the lists for SCHUMANN and WAGNER against the English criticism in the *Musical World*, the *Illustrated News* &c., and does battle for these spirits with a force of conviction, which inspires us with the highest respect for you—then it scarcely needs to be mentioned that the reverence, paid in Boston to the heroes of a past age, is no mere repeating over after the English "liturgy," but has proceeded out of own conviction, and is already so well balanced by the attention bestowed on the latest German Art period, that an all-sided, complete culture, taking in all the tendencies of Art, is actually striven for and must be reached. Where one sees such fruits, there must one shout out a glad and truly-meant "Glückauf!" (God-speed!) to the fresh and vital New World, and with joy greet in spirit a man, who, while geographically our antipodes, is yet in tendency and in endeavor our confederate (*Bundesgenosse*). The sympathies of the Art-related stand higher than those of the birth-related, for they are of a more spiritual sort. And the genuine cosmopolitanism reigns in the kingdom of the Ideal!

You will understand my joy,—which is like that which a traveller may have, when he discovers "in the far West" a new tract of fertile soil or a rich gold mine,—only when I betray to you the consequences of my discovery, which, as it seems to me, are neither to be called illogical nor fanciful.

You already study the works of our Robert Schumann with a lively interest; you defend them in fact with warmth and conviction, since you have had opportunity to become acquainted from your own observation with some specimens of his master works. This interest must increase, and never can die out, when you shall have once made acquaintance with Schumann's other works of art: with his second and third symphonies, his overtures to "Genoveva" and "Manfred," his superb piano-forte quartet, and first trio, his quartets for stringed instruments, and his ever young "Paradise and the Peri."

On the other hand, you devote a continued attention to Berlioz in your paper. You produce lengthy articles about him, give translations from his works, &c. Finally, you have repeatedly hailed with joy and have already made your own, [*in sich verarbeitet*] Beethoven's symphony with choruses, that effective mediator between yesterday and to-day, between the *this side* and the *that side* of one-sided Art.

All the very elements calculated to prepare one for the Wagner Art and to mediate between this and the present, you have, then, more or less already taken up into yourself; and therefore I already see in spirit the bridge thrown across the ocean, which, though it be tens of years hence, will lead the Wagner art-works over into the land of freedom!

England, Italy, and perhaps even France will only late or never be the soil, upon which Wagner's works will be domesticated and bear fruits. Italy has lived out forever; she is too prostrate ever to rise again; she shares the fate of noble Greece. England was *never* the true home of Art, and the few exceptions, which one might enumerate, have remained without fruits in their own land. France is grown too frivolous and is too sorely rent by political storms, to be able to concentrate herself upon the idea of a higher Art.

On the other hand I gain more and more the conviction, that Wagner, the man of free Art and the man of the Future, will one day rise up anew and find an abiding foothold in the land of freedom and the future, in spite of all hostilities, which will as little fail to meet him that side of the ocean, as they are still the order of the day upon our continent, and have made this richly gifted creative mind, alas, forever disgusted with his own fatherland.

This view is necessarily confirmed, since your "Journal" has given me evidence, what powerful

elements are already fermenting in North America, working their way out through all the "humbug," through all the mania of speculation and deliberate leading astray of taste, and seeking to assume fixed forms.

But a yet higher point of view leads to the like conclusion. Since we have had any history, the march of the development of humanity has been from East to West, from the rising to the setting sun. Far Asia was the cradle of humanity, as it was of Art; far America is the goal of the latest migrations of the peoples, as Europe was the goal of the earlier barbaric invasions. Though old Europe until now has kept its ideality for itself, and has regarded the new world only as the goal of realism, in trade, in manufacture and in politics; yet Art and Science are transplanting themselves, in often invisible, but vital germs, at first imperceptibly, but ever farther and farther. In science already America takes an honorable position, and Art will and must follow. Europe has an Art history of more centuries, than America counts decades of independent existence, and yet America develops itself with such astonishing rapidity, because the perfect civilization follows close upon the heels of the victims and the outcasts of our over-civilization.

In Art too, as in politics, the proletaries, the virtuosos of the arms and legs, made the first escape to America, and left their head, where they had lost it, there in Europe, which, weary of over-population, scattered its Art-proletaries as the first colonists to all the winds of heaven. It is but a few years now since Germany became satiated with the empty jingling of mere virtuoso-dom, and rid herself of those parasitical plants, which had dared to spread themselves over a soil, which a Gluck, a Mozart and a Beethoven fancied they had conquered for an everlasting possession.

And now that these old sins are scarcely shaken off, (and that in part only), are they supposed to be already forgotten? Shall old infatuated Europe reproach young and inexperienced America, that she too, like the mother country, has received these spirits of nothingness, who were first nursed into full growth at her own breast; misled in part by a false splendor which preceded them from Europe? That were a piece of inconsistency and self-righteousness, of which thoughtless imitators, but no self-thinking men, could be guilty!

America needs scarcely ten years for a transformation, which in our effete Europe would occupy an entire generation of men. Perhaps we shall, within a shorter time than we ourselves imagine, meet again "over there," to witness the first performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in Boston, and to cry out with newly confirmed conviction to the land of the Future:

WESTWARD MOVES THE HISTORY OF ART!

HOPLIT.

Dresden, 1st June, 1853.

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" is often asked of a fine piece of music without words. The truth is, the meaning of music lies hidden in those deeper and more mysterious regions of the human soul's every day experience, which it is as vain to ignore as it is impossible to render into the distinct tones of thought. Music is deeper than speech, and makes its appeal to that within us that is deeper than thoughts of the understanding. Music expresses that part of our best and deepest consciousness, which needs precisely such a fluid, sympathetic language as its tones alone afford. Music begins where words leave off; by it our inmost, spiritual natures commune with each other. Hence the loftiest poetry, the most inspired and subtle charm of conversation, in short that magical something that distinguishes the utterances of

genius in its high hour, in whatsoever form, is an approximation to music and sets the finest chords to vibrating within us in somewhat the same way. The effect of music could hardly be described more accurately than in the very terms in which the higher ranges of Coleridge's conversation are described by his nephew, in the preface to the "Table Talk." For example:

I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him,—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to him, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation;—

And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
That sangest like an angel in the clouds!

Our Students in Germany.

We have permission to present our readers with the following extracts from a private letter, written by one who, present or absent, is an important member of our musical world here, and by whom the columns of this journal have often been enriched with pleasant correspondence. The names below mentioned are those of persons in whom we all are interested.

"LEIPZIG, June 26, 1853.

"..... I wish you had been here this morning at our musical reunion—which takes place regularly once a fortnight at my rooms, and once in a week at Parker's. Last Sunday we were at Parker's. Mason came down from Weimar, where he is studying with Liszt, to hear Parker's quartet, which was performed for the first time. This opera pleased us all very much, and his professors, Richter and others, think it extremely well written. To-day we had a new quartet of Franz Schubert's, lately published, in G dur. The first two movements are fine—perhaps too dramatic for chamber music, but effective. I played the D dur trio of Beethoven, and we also had a quartet of Haydn.

"Next Sunday we are to have an extra matinee, as David is coming to play 1st violin; we are to hear the great B flat quartet of Beethoven, and the Schubert D minor.

"Fries (August), I suppose, is too modest to tell you in his letters what David said about him. He spoke to me in terms of very high praise of his talent as a violinist, and you will see that Fries has greatly profited by the lessons of the Concert Meister. My Quartet is going to be printed, so Fries will bring you a copy. I have a new one half done since my return from Paris, and hope to finish it before we start for the Tyrol, where Parker, Fries and I propose to spend a month from the 20th of July to the 20th of August, going by Munich and returning by Vienna."

Musical Intelligence.

☞ The GERMANIA SERENADE BAND will perform on Boston Common, Wednesday Evening, August 3d.

New York.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The success which has, thus far, attended the performances of the Castle Garden company, has not a precedent in the operatic history of that warlike structure. The price of admission is twice as great as it was during the former summer seasons, but the audiences have averaged two thousand in number. This may not seem large to the reader who has been accustomed to suppose that Castle Garden will seat seven thousand persons. It will do no such thing. The largest number that can be accommodated with seats commanding a tolerable view of the stage, is not more than three thousand; and we doubt if seven thousand have ever

been within its walls at the same time. Niblo can seat seventeen hundred and fifty; the Tabernacle twenty-eight hundred; Tripler Hall, we believe, about thirty-five hundred; an average fashionable church, about fourteen hundred; and when two thousand persons are in Castle Garden, Castle Garden looks extremely well attended; and everybody remarks to his neighbor, "Good house to-night." It is worth while, perhaps, to mention these facts, as the most ludicrous misapprehensions prevail among the pleasure-loving multitude with regard to the capacity of the houses they are accustomed to frequent. Of "L'Elizire d'Amore," which was produced last week, we heard favorable accounts,—attendance large, performance satisfactory, Madame Sontag bewitching. On Friday evening, "Don Giovanni"—that opera of operas—to hear which well performed in all its parts, were worth a pilgrimage—attracted a brilliant and much-expecting auditory to Castle Garden. The performance of "Don Giovanni," on this occasion, was, upon the whole, the best that we have heard of late years. Madame Sontag dressed, acted, and sang the part of Zerlina in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Nearly all the gems of her role were encased. Badiali was an effective and satisfactory Don Giovanni; Steffanone we thought particularly successful as Donna Anna; Rovere was a sufficiently comical Leporello; Madame Strakosch as Elvira, and Signor Vietti as Ottavio, were equal to their parts. The effect of the opera, as a whole, was marred by the imperfection of the chorus, by the introduction of an incongruous and ill-executed ballet scene, and by the noise of people leaving during the last act. The opera on Monday evening was the never-tiring "Sonnambula."

Home Journal.

ENGLISH OPERA.—There is no wearing out the popularity of Madame Thillon. As long as people have eyes, they will like to see such pleasing pictures as Madame Thillon is, whenever she appears on the stage. In the "Bohemian Girl," for instance, which has been played lately to overflowing houses, what a captivating creature she is! A jacket of scarlet velvet, fitting closely to her perfect figure, and rolling over each shoulder to display the daintiest of chemisettes,—a white skirt, with a very broad reddish border which brightened into a red and white edge—a little foot in a party-colored stocking and an almost imperceptible shoe—a round and radiant face haloed with curls, and a little blue head-dress—gold chains and all kinds of pretty ornaments about her person—who ever saw such a Gipsy Queen before? Not we. And then her singing—it is not perfect, it is never great, it is not always good; but what her voice cannot effect, her manner does, and every one is pleased, though in spite of himself. Hence, Niblo's Garden continues to be crowded. We must not forget to add, that Madame Thillon is efficiently supported by Mrs. Maeder, Mr. Frazer, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Leach, and a talented orchestra.

Home Journal.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The eighth and last concert of the season took place on the 27th June. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Historical Symphony,.....Spohr.
Scena, Mme. Viardot 'Der Freischütz,'.....Weber.
Concerto, Violin, Mr. Blagrove,.....Molique.
Duet, Mesdames Castellani and Viardot, 'Jessonda,'.....Spohr.
Overture, 'Oberon,'.....Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in B flat, No. 4,.....Beethoven.
Aria, 'Non temer,' Mme. Castellani,.....Mozart.
Concerto, Piano-forte, M. Ferdinand Hiller,.....Hiller.
Duet, Mesdames Castellani and Viardot 'Cosi Fan Tutte,' Mozart.
Overture, 'Genueserin,'.....Lindpaintner.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The symphony of Spohr is a work of great interest. Its design is to illustrate the four great epochs in the history of the musical art. The first movement (in G) opens with a kind of *fugato*, relieved by a *pastorale*, which is followed by a repetition of the *fugato*. The schools of Bach and Handel are not unsuccessfully imitated in this part of the symphony. The *largo* (in E flat) is supposed to represent the time in which Haydn and Mozart flourished. The slow movements in two of Mozart's symphonies (in E flat and D) have evidently served as the basis of this very ingenious parody; but of Haydn no indications whatever are to be found. The *scherzo* (in G minor), designed to illustrate the period of Beethoven, is the least characteristic of the four movements. It is no more like Beethoven than it is like Berlioz. The theme cannot fail to recall the minut in Mozart's G minor symphony, but the development and instrumentation are Spohr, "unadulterated." The *finale* (in G), directed at the modern style of orchestral writing, calls in the resources of all the instruments of brass and percussion, which are employed with a really brilliant effect. The opening subject suggests a reminiscence of Auber's *Masaniello*, while the abrupt modulations in the second *motivo* would seem to be aimed at Hector Berlioz; the general character of the whole, however, is as completely Spohr as any movement of the composer in which he professes to be nothing else than himself. The symphony was remarkably well executed; and the composer, who was in the room, was compelled to rise from his place and acknowledge the applause of the audience. Madame Viardot's execution of the great *scena* of Weber was admirable, and her reading full of poetical sentiment. Had she power of voice enough to realize entirely her conceptions, her performance of this celebrated dramatic piece would be unsurpassable. As far as mechanism

was concerned, Mr. Blagrove's execution of Molique's very fine concerto in D minor was beyond reproach. The charming duet in A, from Spohr's *Jessonda*, was well sung by Mesdames Castellani and Viardot; and the magnificent overture to *Oberon*, played with great fire and energy, displayed the resources of the Philharmonic orchestra to striking advantage.

Madame Castellani sang the *scena* of Mozart extremely well; but it was, nevertheless, ineffective. "Non temer" is one of the airs with piano-forte accompaniment—perhaps the most beautiful of all. Its transposition for the orchestra, with the subterfuge of a violin *obligato* (however well played by M. Sainton) in place of the florid passages written for the original instrument was not only a mistake, but an unwarrantable liberty. Moreover the orchestration was by no means good.

M. Ferdinand Hiller's concerto was not the less welcome because it came at an unreasonably late hour. Both composition and performance were remarkable. The concerto comprised an *allegro* and *rondo finale* in E sharp minor, and an *adagio*, in D, which separates and agreeably relieves them. The *allegro* is in the "classical" *fantasia* style; while the *rondo* adheres closely to the accepted forms. Each of these movements is novel and characteristic, betraying vigor of thought and musical skill of a rare order. The *adagio* is melodious and expressive; and the whole concerto, while effectively written for the principal instrument, is scored with great ingenuity for the orchestra. M. Hiller has long been accepted as one of the best pianists on the continent, and his masterly playing on the present occasion was worthy of his reputation. His reception, and the applause bestowed upon his concerto, were as genuine as well deserved. The duet from *Cosi Fan Tutte* (an opera so unaccountably banished from our Italian stage) gave unanimous satisfaction. The overture of Herr Lindpaintner, a spirited and clever work, was admirably played.

The annual visit of Her Majesty the Queen took place on the 4th July, at an extra concert. The selection commanded by Her Majesty was the following:—

PART I.

Notturmo, March & Final chorus { A Midsummer } Mendelssohn
Overture, Scherzo song & chorus { Night's Dream }.....
Aria, 'Return, O God of Hosts,' (Samson).....Handel
Duet, 'Questa volta,' (Don Carlos).....Costa
Overture, 'Egmont,'.....Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A. No. 7,.....Beethoven
Romance, (Joseph).....Mehul
Terzetto, (Idomeneo).....Mozart
Overture, 'Euryanthe,'.....Weber

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fifth concert on Wednesday drew another crowded audience to Exeter-hall. The grand feature of the programme was the Choral Symphony of Beethoven; and a prominent attraction was the name of the celebrated Dr. Spohr, as conductor. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Concert Overture (Opera 126).....Spohr.
'Ave Verum,' and 'Kyrie Eleison,'.....E. Silas.
Symphony (No. 9).....Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto (No. 2).....Mendelssohn.
Aria (Zauberflöte).....Mozart.
Overture (Jessonda).....Spohr.
Aria (Jessonda).....Spohr.
Flute Solo.....Reichert.
Overture (Prometheus).....Beethoven.

Dr. Spohr was greeted with enthusiastic applause. His concert-overture, a recent production, is more remarkable as an elaborate piece of orchestral writing than a work of invention. It has all the peculiarities of its composer; but it smells of the lamp, and the labor bestowed upon it is scarcely repaid by the effect produced. The magnificent overture to the opera of *Jessonda*, magnificently played, was quite another affair; here the genius of the composer is happily evinced.

[From the New York Musical World and Times.]

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